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What "the Plain People" Want.

An esteemed Ohio contemporary, the Columbus *Dispatch*, tells why the Hon. JAMES A. TAWNEY of Minnesota was not renominated to Congress:

"He has worked with the favored interests, as against the plain people, and in that unworthy cause has distinguished himself."

Mr. TAWNEY was a blacksmith's apprentice, a blacksmith and a machinist in his youth. Consequently "he might and would naturally have been a strong champion of human rights. But he chose another course: he elected to ally himself with predatory interests."

Mr. TAWNEY has been the most insistent, powerful and notorious friend of economy in Congress. He has done all that he could in the face of reckless Rooseveltism and its inheritances to reduce the expenses of the Government. In his great place as chairman of the Appropriations Committee he has striven, however vainly, against that wild spendthrift policy whose bitter fruits the country is already beginning to taste.

It seems that to seek to reduce expenditures is to be "against the plain people."

Mr. TAWNEY has also stuck to the law and resisted Executive usurpation. He has thereby committed the unpardonable sin against Mr. ROOSEVELT.

To prefer law to the whim of Mr. ROOSEVELT, this too is to be a foe of "the plain people."

The Passage of the Alps by George Chavez.

As GEORGE CHAVEZ was born in Paris, the French can justly claim him as a countryman. The intrepid youth's flight across the Alps in an aeroplane suggests when he is called a Peruvian the condor, that Andean bird with a wing sweep of twelve feet, which HUMBOLDT saw sailing above the gleaming white cone of Chimborazo at a height of more than 23,000 feet. To the friars and tourists upon Simplon Kulm who saw the airship resolve itself out of the blue and spread its planes with diminishing distance, it must have looked like a great bird of the mountains. As the place of birth determines nationality in most cases, CHAVEZ should be regarded as a Frenchman, and France, which is gloriously associated with a memorable passage of the Alps more than a hundred years ago, will not be likely to yield to Peru the honor of possessing the first aeronaut who braved the perils of the Alpine summits and gulfs and actually flew in a heavier than air machine over the great range from Switzerland into Italian territory.

In our judgment the feat so far transcended in heroic courage anything previously done by the man who flies that it must be regarded with something like awe. The passage of the English Channel was a simple and easy performance by comparison, and the risks of that sea flight are scarcely worth calculating now. On the Channel shore the rate and direction of the wind, if there is any, may assure a quick and safe crossing if the aeroplane is taut and trim and the operator efficient. No chart of the air is needed, and a fall into the sea will probably not be tragic. But GEORGE CHAVEZ could have no conception of the dangers of gusts and cross currents he might first encounter in working his frail craft spirally to the heights of the Simplon Pass; and having reached the necessary altitude he must sweep swiftly over a waste of crags and abysses where death would inevitably claim him if the motor failed and his aeroplane fell like a wounded bird, wing over wing. Little is known about the upper air strata, and it may never be possible to indicate them on a chart. Certainly a youngster of 23 who received his pilot's license six months ago could have had but a mere notion of the air movements at high altitudes. He was committing himself to a capricious element when he rose upward from Brieg and headed toward the Pass. A rush of wind from a gorge and he might have been whirled about like a leaf and dashed to the earth. Nor could he know whether he would be able to stand the tremendous strain of balancing his planes and directing the fabric in a cold as well as an erratic atmosphere, with death apparently waiting for him below. To succeed in such a desperate venture a man must have no nerves, and be devoid, we should say, of imagination. He must be a machine like the contraption in which he is seated. It is the young men who hold their lives cheap that do these amazing things, and they must attempt them for glory, as well as for money, or they would never be done.

Fate was kind to daring GEORGE CHAVEZ, if a little rough in tumbling him to the earth in the moment of triumph. It was stupendous, this passage of the Alps by man as the condor or the albatross flies, but in a machine a score of times heavier than the body of any bird and carrying a human biped a great deal heavier himself than any bird. HANNIBAL, NAPOLEON, CHAVEZ! The association of the aviator with the soldiers is not presumptuous. CHAVEZ has also won endurable fame. The plan of raising a monument to commemorate his wonderful achievement at Domo d'Ossola, where he fell triumphant, should not be allowed to fail.

British and German Rivalry in Submarines.

According to the *Dilke Return* the British navy now possesses sixty-three submarines and is building eleven; Germany has eight, and how many she is building is not known; France has fifty-six and is building twenty-three; the United States has eighteen and is building ten; Russia possesses thirty and three are building; Italy is at a standstill with seven submarines, while Japan is also weak in this type of ship, having only nine, with three building. The champion of the submarine in England is Admiral Lord FISHER, whose advice the Admiralty has followed for several years despite the protests of the mob of critics of the British construction policy, who are never silent and are ever prating about the superior sagacity, foresight and energy of the German naval authorities.

These critics were always pointing out that Germany devoted a good deal of attention to destroyers but spent little money on submarines, from which they argued that, as the Germans always knew what they were about, England must be wrong to put so many submarines into the water. These critics have lately been confounded by the feverish activity of Germany in constructing submarines (although the work is done under cover), and it now appears that the Germans are imitating the British policy of making the submarine an important unit of attack and defence, just as they acknowledged the Dreadnought type of battleship as indispensable by designing and building them as rapidly as appropriations would permit.

It is claimed for England that she easily leads the world in submarines, although in ships owned and building France has a slight numerical advantage. The explanation is that England possesses very few submarines that can be put in the obsolete class, whereas France has a good many of them. Moreover it is said that "in the British service a vast deal of experience has been gained in the employment of these craft, and there is no navy in the world that possesses so large a body of officers and men skilled in all the niceties of submarine navigation."

In a late number of *Blackwood's Magazine* Colonel A' COURT REPINGTON, a naval expert who pins his faith to the submarine and sees in it a very effective instrument of attack, declares that "neither Dreadnoughts, pre-Dreadnoughts nor super-Dreadnoughts will a few years hence have any place in a naval war waged in such narrow waters as those of the North Sea." A super-Dreadnought, he contends, "can be sunk by a torpedo fired from an invisible submarine, costing perhaps £60,000 or £80,000, at 7,000 yards range." The Admiralty does not agree with him about the effect of a torpedo striking the hull of one of these big vessels at such a distance, but at best it is a matter of opinion, since no super-Dreadnought has ever gone through such an ordeal. "Periscope," another authority, makes this comment in the *Naval and Military Record* upon Colonel REPINGTON'S general view of the uses of the submarines:

"No one can doubt that the writer has reached a correct conclusion regarding the submarine as an important offensive weapon which is likely to have a dramatic influence upon naval policy on the North Sea. This is apparently the reason which has led the Admiralty during the past few years to devote so large a proportion of the sum available for naval construction to the building of these craft."

Given a body of water of comparatively limited area, the submarines, according to Colonel REPINGTON, can close it to a line of battle:

"Swarms of destroyers and submarines, and every year more of the latter, will infest this sea, and the existence of every great ship venturing into the area controlled by these pests, which are almost unassailable by naval means, will be most precarious. Our great and costly battleships and cruisers must be stowed away safely in some distant, safe and secluded anchorage—Scapa Flow and Portsmouth to-day, Berehaven and Lough Swilly perhaps to-morrow. The North Sea in time of war will be a desert of waters, insecure on both sides, open to neither, commanded by none."

As a means of preparing the way for a descent of transports loaded with soldiers upon the coast of Great Britain this specialist believes that flotillas of submarines might be successful. But so long as Great Britain maintains a long lead in having so many of these hornet ships available, the answer is plainly that the Admiralty has nothing to fear from the building activity of Germany. Two submarines should certainly be able to deal with one of the enemy, and a fleet of transports could not move toward the English coast without the unnerving dread of attack from swarms of British submarines. Moreover Great Britain has a superiority in other types of torpedo craft that Germany cannot possibly overcome.

Harvard Before Eliot.

A veteran of the Boston bar who is fifty years out of college, Mr. GEORGE A. TORREY, has found the leisure to jot down a few recollections of his busy life, which include memories of Harvard College in the days which preceded the administration of President ELIOT. His boyhood and youth came at an interesting moment in American civilization, just before the changes that the civil war brought on, and his descriptions of life are good for the half century before his time. He played and did his chores like other country boys in the little town of Fitchburg, he began the practice of law in the heart of the Commonwealth, a Worcester untouched by the invasion of foreign labor. We dwell only on his college days, however, which will awaken echoes among the classes that are nearing the head of the commencement procession.

Of his entrance examination Mr. TORREY recalls only an experience that was common to all the classes for years after. The weather was hot, he wore white duck trousers, and when he tried to get up found that the black painted seats had a fast hold on him. They found their way into Holden and upper Harvard and university in time, those seats with deep cut initials that paint could not obliterate; some must have lasted till near the end of the century. His class numbered 100 on entering and was graduated with ninety-four. There were thirteen in the faculty, and the whole number of instructors was nineteen. Mr. TORREY is of the opinion, which is shared by many old graduates, that with all the progress the university has made the students got as good an education then as they do now. For one thing the professors themselves heard them recite and knew every man in the class.

Each professor had a nickname, which, Mr. TORREY asserts, were signs of endearment; he avoids mentioning the offensive ones. CORNEY FELTON, BENNY PEIRCE, FANNY BOWEN, JOEY LOVERING, STUBBY CHILD, JOSEY COOKE "each a master in his profession," "their successors have not achieved a reputation to theirs" is his comment. "Professor CHILD was of more service to me than any teacher I ever sat under"; how many classes have repeated that tribute! And how many have wrestled like Mr. TORREY with the strange subjects he set for themes as Boylston professor of rhetoric.

His experiences with President WALKER are entertaining and show how differently the office was exercised before business presidents came in. Mr. TORREY had the misfortune in his first recitation to Tutor EVANGELINUS APOSTOLIDES SOPHOCLES to render his Greek by a phrase that happened to be in the "pony"; the eccentric tutor gave him a low mark, and repeated the same mark for every recitation he made afterward. Mr. TORREY went to the president to complain. Dr. WALKER agreed that it was unjust and offered to bring it up before the faculty, but he said that if he did SOPHOCLES would resign, as he was very sensitive. He then appealed to the boy to submit to the injustice rather than deprive the university of the services of probably the most eminent Greek scholar in the world. Young TORREY agreed with him; such was the feeling between student and faculty at Harvard in the old days.

German was elective in those days. After his first recitation Instructor GEORGE SCHMITT said rudely to Mr. TORREY: "GOD Almighty never intended you for a German scholar." The offended junior went at once to the president and asked to be allowed to change his elective. Dr. WALKER said it could not be done unless the reason was very important, whereupon the youngster said he didn't wish to thwart the designs of the Almighty, and told his story. It tickled the president and he let him change. The French instructor, Dr. ARNAULT, was very excitable; the boys would get him to recite the Marseillaise, which worked him up so every time that he was obliged to dismiss the class. It is a pretty old graduate that can remember either of these worthies. The librarian, JOHN LANGDON SIBLEY, "appeared never to speak or think of anything but books, and he apparently had no favorites among them. Any book that could be added to the library was a treasure. Any old pamphlet or handbill or any conceivable object in print was received by him with great gratitude and carefully preserved." "The day before the first cable despatch was sent Professor LOVERING demonstrated to the class that it was impossible to transmit telegraphic messages across the ocean."

Rich and poor alike roomed in the college buildings; to Mr. TORREY the Holworthy rooms were glorified into "suites containing a parlor and two bedrooms." The students were shifted around yearly. The rent was $20 a year, and table board could be had for $3.50 a week. There were no athletics but boating; no baseball, no football, except the annual free fight between freshmen and sophomores on the Delta, where Memorial Hall now stands. The law school had but three professors, JOEL PARKER, THEOPHILUS PARSONS and EMORY WASHBURN; they lectured and did not examine. The case system was undreamed of. Three terms in the law school or three years in a lawyer's office were enough to admit a young man to the bar. Yet somehow the lawyers brought up under that system seem to hold their own against the scientific newcomers.

The curtain on the past is raised but slightly by Mr. TORREY, but it shows a pleasant Harvard, with the elm still standing in the square. It brings up again the contrast of its simplicity in life and mental equipment with that of the present university and the question whether the products of the new teaching are any better fitted for life than those of the old.

Mr. WILLIAM C. HIGLE, a member of the petit jury for the September term of the Circuit Court for Baltimore county and a resident of the Eleventh district, predicts rain within eighty four hours and probably a flood. He told Judge FRANK I. DUNCAN yesterday that his prediction is based on the fact that the springs and streams are filling without rain and the land terrapins are making for the high ground. These two signs, he says, have never been known to fail, and he has been watching them for many years.—*From the Baltimore Sun of September 24.*

In this vicinity we have no streams that fill without rain and our land terrapins are grateful for any puddle they can find in this time of drought. If Mr. HIGLE can accurately predict a flood, New York and New Jersey would like to borrow him from Maryland.

The tariff law as it was signed by the President has resulted in a general revision downward, and no amount of special pleading, no misstatement of facts and no suppression of material fact will ever make it appear otherwise.—*Representative PAYNE.*

The Hon. SERENO ELISHA PAYNE would be an unnatural godfather if he did not praise the bantling.

Some day he will see that his speech in Cairo was a mistake.—*Mr. J. ABELLANA of Egypt.*

Possibly; but it would establish a precedent.

It is reported that the lynching of two negroes in Lake county, Tennessee, "is having a disastrous effect on the farmers, who are unable to secure negroes to pick cotton," the negroes fearing their lives are in danger. The situation is said to be serious, as "the inability to find pickers would result in a heavy loss to the cotton planters."

It is evidently the wrong season for lynching in Lake county. In cotton picking time the law should take its course.

In managing the campaign the Republican Congress committee is conserving the wishes of each candidate. No speaker is sent into any district unless his services are desired by the candidate, and only such literature is distributed in a district as is desired by the candidate.—*Chicago despatch.*

To avoid error in the filling of orders, state plainly whether pro or anti-Cannon stuff is desired.

There are those who will regard it as more than a mere accident that THEODORE ROOSEVELT should have selected to lead his reformed Republican State committee the present State Superintendent of Prisons.

JOHN REDMOND'S MISSION.

An Appeal to Irishmen to Give Him Support in His Fight for Self-Government.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I see that Mr. John Redmond is on his way to the United States to be present at the convention of Irishmen in Buffalo next week.

Of course his mission is to keep aroused his countrymen in America in support of self-government for Ireland. The hope of disarming the Lords should nerve every friend of Ireland and every friend of progress in England. Until their power is broken there can be no hope of self-government in Ireland nor relief for the overtaxed masses in England, and Redmond is the man who has held this major fact above all other considerations. His cool head and great foresight prevented him from breaking with Asquith at the time the Premier failed to keep his preelection promises. Instead of disputing with Asquith's party Redmond took, as it were, the reins of the Liberals in his strong hand and compelled the party to stand by the Albert Hall pledge. Then it was that he showed his statesmanship and unflinching courage, and it is gratifying to see how all the thinking men of our race have recognized the great qualities which he displayed during that trying period.

The hothead and firebrand can never do any good, while he may gain a little temporary applause which will gratify his vanity, the thoughtful men of a nation can never become the followers of such a man. Redmond does not preach hatred of any class, but shows in a clear way the justice of Ireland's demand for the restoration of her Parliament.

Let all Irishmen rally around the indomitable Redmond, and let those who have honestly differed with him in the past come forward to meet and cheer him. He has proved himself worthy of the fullest confidence of all his countrymen.

BROOKLYN, September 23. ASCANIUS.

Cats.

"Skat," or words to that amount, says General Funston, and since orders must be obeyed, every cat on the Fort Leavenworth reservation, the largest military park in the country, must leave immediately or die the death. As usual, Tom's and Tabby's ancient enemy, Towser, is responsible. A dog got hydrophobia, bit an unoffending house cat, and military feline ambition is crushed. Another chapter of the long injustices of man.

If cats did not happen to save Rome, at least tradition says that a black cat led a German army in a victorious night attack on an enemy's camp. Napoleon fainted at the sight of a cat, but there is no evidence that any opposing General ever took advantage of this weakness at a critical moment of battle. Wellington had something of a fondness for the tribe, and a letter of a man who trembling entered the austere presence relates that he found "the old warrior standing before the fire, a big gray cat rubbing her sleek sides against his shins and purring contentedly." Mohammed, it is recorded, on one occasion cut off the skirt of his robe so that he might rise without disturbing a sleeping cat. Cardinal Wolsey gave audience with a cat seated beside him, and Cardinal Richelieu always kept a number of kittens in his cabinet to amuse him with their pranks.

While Maeterlinck has made the cat the villain of his fairy play "The Blue Bird," many men of literature have sung its praise. Champfleury wrote an essay on the love and character of cats; Tasso wrote a sonnet to his cat; Petrarch had his favorite cat embalmed, and Chateaubriand's passion for cats was so well known that when he was Ambassador at Rome the Pope made him a present of one.

In spite of all these instances of high regard in the past, the cat has not been popular in our army or navy. Soldiers or sailors have not made pets or mascots of it as they have of goats, bears, snakes or possums. (No one ever lets slip the cats of war as they do the dogs of war, although "they fought like wild cats" has been a tribute that many a regiment has appreciated. Besides, the cat possesses the quality valuable to a soldier of having an allowance of nine lives. Such a calculation would be much more appalling on paper than that of the South American nation that counts its cavalry troops by the horses' legs. A thousand horse would be only 4,000 legs, while an equal number of cats would be 9,000 lives. With all of these advantages and prestige the cat, the army says, must go, so Tabby and Tom might as well give up their aspirations and retire to their old place at the fireside or on the back fence.

Tickling in "Twelfth Night."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I noticed a week or two ago that one of your contributors said that he had caught trout by tickling. He seemed to think that he may have been the first to discover that the sportive trout would fall an easy victim to the seductive and mesmerizing influence of gentle massage.

Had he been a reader of Shakespeare he would have known that the bard knew all about the art of tickling trout. In "Twelfth Night" *Maria*, seeing *Malvolio* coming, says: "There comes the trout that must be caught with tickling." No doubt *Malvolio* was landed as many another poor trout and "sucker" has been since.

HUGH S. KINMONTH.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., September 24.

The X-Ray in Consumption.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A Baltimore despatch printed in THE SUN of September 23 says that "the discovery of the utility of the X-ray in tubercular diagnosis was made by Dr. Kenon Dunham of Cincinnati, who has been at the Phipps Institute since June making a study of the disease."

Dr. Da Costa (Medical Diagnosis Copyright, 1900) and his friends, pupils and readers began using X-rays as aid in diagnosing consumption more than ten years ago.

I do it now; so that Dr. Dunham has no claim at all to originality in the matter.

B. F. GROVE, M. D.

BALTIMORE, Md., September 24.

Culpeper Warned.

From the Culpeper Enterprise.

On the afternoon of September 6, 1910, I was inaugurated Councilman for the corporation of Culpeper, and I am now a full fledged official of your town, with authority galore. I am chairman of the sanitary committee, which is a place I have long sought and mourned because I found it not. To those who honored me with their votes and to the honorable Mayor who seems to appreciate me for my cleanliness, and to the citizens of the town of Culpeper generally, I will say that they must at once clean up or be done up, and I shall give no further notice. Respectfully,

S. M. NEWHOUSE.

Mud Bath.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* What can be done to eliminate the mhudadaphobes from our Croton? For months past it has been impossible to see the bottom of the bath tub after filling it, and it has been necessary to use a whisk broom after drying myself with the towel in order to complete my toilet in the morning. There's no call to go to Europe for mud baths, as they can be had right here; but why should those who don't need them be compelled to take such or join the company of the great unwashed?

NEW YORK, September 21. DAMNTHEMUD.

In the *Burlington Magazine* for the middle of September Mr. Claude Phillips writes on Hieronymus Bosch's "Mockery of Christ," Mr. A. M. Hind on the Rembrandt drawings of "Old St. Paul's," Mr. C. H. Collins on the portrait of "Jane Middleton," and Mr. E. Prestage on early Portuguese painters. Mr. Roger E. Fry continues his description of Mohammedan art at Munich, and an account of the furniture made by the Gillow firm is begun. An editorial discusses the direction of museums, and the notes deal with Pisanello, a new Guardi picture and woodcut alphabets.

TURK AND ARAB.

Among the many difficulties that beset our judgment on near Eastern problems the relation of the Arab to the Turkish element in the Ottoman Empire is one of the most perplexing. United by the bonds of religion, Turk and Arab are separated by the liens of race. An antagonism dating back a thousand years has ended in the more or less continued supremacy of the Turk. From the position of slaves or of hired mercenaries Turks have worked their way to the highest positions of state and to regal power. In the Osmanlis they reached supreme dominion. The conquered Arab has never supported with equanimity the domination of his conqueror, and he continues to chafe under it. The Arab cannot forget that it is he who has given religion and culture to the Turk; and he is still apt to dream of a time to come when the rôles will be changed and he shall become again the exponent and the representative of Islam. It is, then, a pertinent question: Is such an event possible; and if so, is it probable?

The Arabs aver, and with reason, that according to Mohammedan tradition the Turks have no right to claim for their ruler the title of Caliph or head of the Islamic confederation. That tradition holds that the Caliph must be of Arab blood and of the family of Mohammed. They grant readily to the ruler of Constantinople the title of Sultan, a purely worldly title which has been borne in the past and is borne to-day by princes who do not claim to represent the hierarchic side of Mohammedan dominion; but the office of Caliph is sacrosanct, it is an affair of blood and of race. Legal casuistry can, it is true, accommodate itself to many twists and turns; but it cannot go to the length of making a Semite out of a Turk. Abdul Hamid was quite aware of this difficulty in his position, and he took heroic measures to get over it. In the edition which he had published in Constantinople of the most popular collection of Mohammedan traditions he had the awkward passage omitted! Such a course was hardly necessary, quite apart from the folly of the undertaking. The science of Mohammedan statecraft has always acknowledged the power of fact and of actual dominion as superseding theory for a time, but at the same time the non-Arab character of the head of the Mohammedan world lends color and a hand to the pretensions of leaders whose ambition outruns their real importance. Even the holy cities, Mecca and Medina, have been held by non-Arab Mohammedans before the coming of the Osmanlis; but any Arab imam or mahdi has had it in his power to foment trouble and insurrection by preaching an Arab uprising.

The portions of the Mohammedan world in which the Arab race is to be found to-day are easily picked out on the ethnic chart of the world; they are Arabia, part of Mesopotamia, Syria, Egypt, and the north African littoral—Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria and Morocco. Are there in any of these lands Arab forces that can menace the position of the Turks in the Mohammedan world?

The Arabian peninsula is usually considered to be the nursery and the home of Islam, but the educated man probably knows less about it than he does about the wildest centres of inner Africa, and his idea of Arabia is as nebulous as is his idea of the Arabs. It is estimated that the peninsula contains nearly a million and a quarter square miles, but a good deal more if we include, as we should, the great Syrian desert that pokes its nose up into Mesopotamia and northern Syria. The inaccessibility of the interior highlands and the xenophobe attitude of the inhabitants have clothed it with the sort of superstitious veneration with which we are apt to regard the unknown. The comparatively few Europeans who have penetrated into portions of the interior have brought back reports which show that the greater part of that interior is useless for purposes of modern economic development. Sand wastes and floraless expanses are not enticing for men of to-day unless they are intrepid explorers for whom the call of the unknown exercises an irresistible attraction. The only fertile regions are the coastal plains: Asir and Yemen on the west, Hadramaut on the south and Oman on the east. To these may be added some of the oases in the north, in the Nefud and in Nejd. The great Syrian desert is at present also a waste land, but certain portions of it, especially those contiguous to the two rivers, can be made once more productive of food if the plans of Sir William Willcox are carried out and the waterway system of the ancient Babylonians is recreated.

Except in isolated cases the Turks, since their conquest of the country, have disinterested themselves strangely in its lot. They have tried to hold the Hijaz, even if only in nominal subjection, because it contains the two holy cities. This is a card of the highest value, as it enables the holder to regulate the pilgrimage, to come in contact with Mohammedans from all parts of the globe and to impress them with the power and the importance of the ruler at Constantinople; but it is the province of the Yemen, together with neighboring Asir, that has loomed largest in the eyes of the Osmanlis. Turkish rule was established there in 1521, but after 114 years of quasi rule the Turk was completely ousted, and remained so until almost twice that number of years had passed, when Abdul Mejid in 1849 took upon himself the reconquest of the country. Though the Yemen was then converted into a Turkish vilayet, it can hardly be said to have become an integral part of the empire until 1872, when, after two full years of continuous fighting under Mukhtar Pasha and in fear for the whole of Arabia because of the construction of the Suez Canal, the Turks were able to make their authority respected in the greater part of the province; but even since the reconquest the land has been seething with rebellion, and it has been held only at a terrible expense of human life and of money. A strong and equitable policy there might have worked wonders, and would have enabled the Osmanlis to extend their rule gradually over the whole of the southern coast; but so desperate was the situation in the early days of the constitutional régime that the plan was mooted at Constantinople of considering the Yemen simply as a colony and of dividing it up under the headship of the paramount chiefs. Happily the scheme was not put through, and the task of bringing order and good government into the province rests with the Young Turks.

Only in one other portion of the peninsula, in the northeast, has the attempt been made to gain Arabia for Constantinople. In 1871 Midhat Pasha, at the time Wali of Bagdad, accepted the invitation of a disputing claimant to the chieftainship of the Wahabi stronghold Riad and made an incursion into the land, subjecting the maritime province El-Hasa to Turkish rule, under which it has continued ever since. Insignificant as this conquest may seem, it is of much strategic value, for it enables the holder to send armies into the centre of northern Arabia and into the easterly district of Oman.

The two great obstacles to Turkish domination in the peninsula are the political activity of the English and the peculiar social and institutional conditions that prevail in the country, but both of these obstacles contain also the germs of that which in the end may prove to be of the greatest assistance to the Turkish cause.

English action along the coast of eastern and southern Arabia has never received the attention it deserves from students of the East. The greater part of Arabia has been de facto a no man's land, and the English authorities in India, having no one to say them nay, have always considered the Persian Gulf and its coast lands as the object of their express solicitation. The British residents at Bassora in southern Mesopotamia and at Bushire, the port of Shiraz, have since the eighteenth century exercised a semi-virtual control over the Persian Gulf. Ostensibly this has been done in order to stamp out slavery and piracy and to protect the trade of these regions, especially in pearl fishing. The rise and spread of Wahabism in the early part of the nineteenth century caused alarm to the British designs; and attempts were made to engage Ibrahim, son of Mohammed Ali of Egypt, who finally broke down the uprising, to serve the English cause. Since then the scope of English action has increased, and many of the petty Sultans and tribal chiefs along the eastern and southern shores are either in British pay or under East Indian influence. The Island of Bahrein in the Persian Gulf is practically an English possession; while the semi-independent region El-Hasa, nominally Turkish, as related above, is completely under English supervision. In 1839 Aden became a second Gibraltar, and the island of Perim guards the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. In fact, the whole hinterland of Aden, into which British influence has been pushing apace, is known to the natives as "Beled-el-Engris," that is, English country. Since 1798 the ruler of Muscat on the coast of Oman has been within the British circle, although his independence has been guaranteed by the treaty of 1862 between France and England. The petty princes of Sheher and Makalla in the Hadramaut have intimate relations with Bombay, and the most important of the Hadrami chiefs, Awdhal-Kuwaiti, lives permanently at the court of the Nizam at Hyderabad. The control of Egypt and the building of Port Suakin on the Red Sea go to complete the enveloping movement which might have placed the whole of Arabia under the commercial control, at least, of England.

The awakening of Turkey has again, in this instance, come at the right moment to save the land in which Islam had its birth from the hand of the infidel; but even if England relinquishes that which many suppose to be its ultimate object, the safeguarding of the interests of its possessions in India demands that it should be on the alert. In the northeast corner of the Arabian peninsula lies the fertile oasis of Koweit. It is the chief entrance into southern Mesopotamia and into northern Arabia; its "Sultan" Mubarek is in British pay, and only a few years ago England insisted against Turkey upon its rights acquired there. It fears that the building of the Bagdad railway will hurt its claims to supremacy in the Persian Gulf and make the defence of India still more difficult. At all hazards it does not wish to let the entrance to the Gulf pass into other hands. This will explain its unwillingness to forego the rights of the Lynch Tigris and Euphrates Steamship Company, which unwillingness caused the fall of the Hilmi Cabinet last year. Since 1861 this company has had a virtual monopoly of the river traffic. Its present fusion with the Ottoman Hamdieh Company, in which one-half of the shares are in English and one-half in Turkish hands, gives the new company exclusive navigation rights on the Tigris up to Mosul and on the Euphrates up to Miskeneh. In addition to his plans for irrigating and making arable the plain between the Tigris and the Euphrates as they converge to the Persian Gulf, Sir William Willcox showed me in Constantinople last September plans for railroad connection of the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean littoral, which would be a serious competitor to the Bagdad railroad.

England's plea no doubt would be that there was really no established government in Arabia, that it had tried to bring some semblance of order and restraint among the lands held by the princelets of the coastal regions, and that it was conserving legitimate aims in assuring the safety of its East Indian commerce, as it is also doing through its surveillance over southern Persia. In addition it could claim that with very few exceptions—Midhat Pasha in El-Hasa in 1871, Mukhtar Pasha in Yemen in 1872, Mohammed and Ibrahim Pasha in the Nejd in 1818—Constantinople has never really tried to make its rule effective over the greater part of the Arabian peninsula.

If Turkey feels strong enough to attempt the pacification of Arabia and to annex it as an integral part of the Ottoman state there is no doubt that England will stay her hand and require nothing but a recognition of those actual rights that she has already obtained. That England lusts after territorial possessions in the peninsula may well be doubted. What she wants is security and facility for trade and an assurance that no competing Power shall take her place in the Red Sea and in the Persian Gulf. The very activity of England will have shown the Porte the value of these outlying possessions and have taught it the value of commanding the southern outlets of its Asiatic dominions.

RICHARD GOTTHEIL.

PARIS, September 1.

Warning Auto Horns Needed in the Shopping District Also.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is no doubt true, as "Protectionist" writes in a letter to THE SUN advocating the discordant automobile horn, that "the mind of a child is a very uncertain quantity," but none the less so is the mind of a shopping woman.

I stood at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street yesterday and saw women flock over the busy crossings there like sheep, entirely oblivious to everything except their own mad desire to push onward.

In many cases the warnings of the overworked traffic men were of no avail whatsoever. Women continuously took their lives in their hands by hurrying in and out among the crush of heavy vehicles.

There, if anywhere, is needed the "loud" and "discordant" auto warning signal. It may serve to protect children in crowded districts as "Protectionist" points out, but I venture to think that the army of bargain hunting women is also in need of it.

H. K. D.

NEW YORK, September 24.

Dickens in Two Countries

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A writer in to-day's SUN who boldly asserts that Dickens is not read by the English people jumps too rapidly at his conclusions. I visited a few years ago a school in a Connecticut town employing a force of fifty teachers. Among those fifty four were admirers of Dickens; to the rest he was simply a name.

I am an English woman and Dickens has always been my favorite author, but I have yet to meet an American who is as familiar with his books as I am myself; but I would not dream for that reason of asserting that Americans do not read Dickens. To thousands of Americans he has been for years a source of delight, but there are also thousands who prefer the works of Harold MacGrath and George Barr McCutcheon.

By the way—like Rosa Dartle, "I only ask for information"—does the United States Government pension the descendants of its famous authors?

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., September 23. M. H. R.

Unschooled Sweepers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* My experience is that not more than 10 per cent. of domestic servants, janitors and others know how to sweep. They kick up the dust that smothers people as they pass by. I am told that one of the primary lessons in domestic science at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, is to teach the female students how to sweep without throwing the sweepings in the air and covering every surrounding thing with dirt. How often it is that a person with clean clothes is covered with dirt by violent sweepers before a car can be taken in a morning for business.

T. J. DYSON.

BROOKLYN, September 24.

A Longer Day's Work for the Aquarium Fish.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I learn from THE SUN that the Aquarium is to be open until 10 o'clock in the evening. There are in this collection many valuable and unique specimens, and while the opening of this institution at a convenient hour would be a pleasure to myself as one of the general public, I believe it has been found that overexposure to artificial light is very injurious to certain of the fish tribe, and in the highly colored varieties is apt to produce a change of appearance in time.

H. B. GOETSCHIUS.

LITTLE FERRY, N. J., September 23.

Mr. W. D. Howells in *Harper's Magazine* for October has another of his delightful comedies; there are eight short stories besides, with Mrs. Wilkins Freeman and Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy among the authors. Mr. E. C. Fortune guides us through Fife, and Mr. and Mrs. Hall through eastern France; Prof. G. W. Ritchey describes the big telescope at Mount Wilson, Mr. A. D. Hall the struggle of bacteria in the soil, and Mr. F. M. Hueffer some poets connected with the Pre-Raphaelites. There are articles on a Union spy and on Bible translations and six poems.

A NORRIBLE TALE.

The Very Mournful Ballad as Sung by the Late J. L. Toole.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I beg to enclose a correct version of the "'Orrible Tale" mentioned by the Chicago "Old Timer" in to-day's SUN. I have a copy of the song as published, and heard the inimitable Toole sing it more than once.

W. H. BLANKLEY.

BROOKLYN, September 22.

Dedicated to Mrs. Alfred Mellon and Mr. Paul Bedford.

A NORRIBLE TALE
of the
SUICIDAL FAMILY.
Written by
E. L. BLANCHARD, ESQ.
Sung by
J. L. TOOLE
At the Theatre Royal Adelphi in the farce of "The Area Belle."

Oh, a nor-ri-ble tale I have to tell;
Of sad disasters that befell
A family that once resided
Just in the very same thoroughfare as I did.
The pa-ri-ent was so grim a guffin
He never liked no fun nor nuffin.
And he never made the least endeavor
To make a joke—not what sum dever.

Chorus.
For, oh, it is such a norrible tale
'Twill make your faces all turn pale.
Your eyes with grief will be overcome,
Tweedle, twaddle, twiddle, twiddle tum.

They never saw no companee,
Tho' they was a most respectable familee;
And ev'ry boy and ev'ry gal
Grew hy-po-con-der-i-a-cal.
They thought they had all sorts of sorrows
And conjur'd up all kinds of horrors.
Each had a face as long as a ladder.
And was frightened into fits if they see their own shadder. *Chorus.*

They sat with the curtains drawn down tight
On purpose to keep out the light.
Father, mother, sister and brother
Never spoke a word to one another.
Well, at last this doleful, dismal lot
So very melancholy got
That an end to theirselves they did agree,
When they had settled which end it was to be. *Chorus.*

First the father into the garden did walk,
And cut his throat with a lump of chalk;
Then the mother an end to herself she put
By hanging of herself in the water butt.
Then the sister went down on her bended knees,
And smothered herself with toasted cheese;
But the brother, who was a determined young feller,
Went and poisoned himself with his umberella. *Chorus.*

Then the little baby in the cradle
Shot itself dead with the silver ladle,
While the servant girl, seeing what they did,
Strangled herself with the saucepan lid;
The miserable cat, by the kitchen fire,
Swallowed a portion of the fender and did expire;
And a fly on the ceiling—this case was the wust 'un—
Went and blowed itself up with "spontaneous combustion." *Chorus.*

EXTRA VERSE.

Then in there walked the auctioneer
Who did with the furniture disappear,
And the broker's man, this ain't no fable,
Made himself away with a three legged table.
When the walls saw this, their sides they splits,
The windows cracked theirselves to bits;
And so universal was the slaughter rate
There was nothing left at all but an unpaid water rate. *Chorus.*

Sam Cowell's Version.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Let me assist "Old Timer" with the long forgotten "Norrible Tale" of our mutual childhood, sung, if I mistake not, by Sam Cowell.

* * * * * * *

The brother, who was a determined young feller,
Poisoned himself with his silk umbrella.

Then the sister went down on her bended knees
To smother herself with toasted cheese,
While the dear little baby in the cradle
Shot itself dead with a silver ladle.

Then the servant, seeing what they did,
Strangled herself with a saucepan lid;
And the fly on the ceiling—this case was the wo'st 'un—
Blowed itself up by spontaneous combustion.

Chorus.
For, O it was such a norrible tale,
'Twill make your faces all turn pale,
Your livers turn green, and your eyes grow glum—
Twiddle-diddle-iddle-diddle-iddle-diddle-dum.

WILL F. FOND.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., September 23.

Fragments and Variants.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I cannot complete the "Orrible Tale" because I never knew all of it, but I can supply "shreds and snatches."

First, I always heard it sung as "A Norrible Tale," in deference to the non-h'aspiration of the H.

The chorus, coming last, I of course remember best. It runs:

For, Ho, hits sitch a norrible tale,
Your flesh will start, your hair turn pale,
Hif you will honly list to me-e-e-e,
Tweedle-deedle-deedle-deedle-deedle-deedle-dee-e-e.

It is important that the last word be prolonged in a long drawn basso. The fate of some of the rest of the family is related thusly:

The fly upon the windowpane
Died of water on the brain.
The next door neighbor's tabby cat
Choked hof itself with the street door mat.
The youngest child, jist turning two,
Drowned hof itself in a Hi-i-rish stew.

One who is getting to be an "Old Timer" but hates to admit it.

ROBERT J. HEARNE.

NEW YORK, September 74.

Shalfleet Church Tower.

From the London Standard.

Acting on the advice of an eminent architect the vicar and church wardens of Shalfleet have decided to remove the steeple on the parish church tower, which has been an eyesore to antiquarians for the last century. The steeple is said to be unsafe, and its removal will leave the fine old square tower of the Norman period in its original state. It is a well known story in the island that the vicar and church wardens of a century ago actually sold a fine peal of bells which hung in the tower to a French church to obtain money to build the steeple, and a former island poet sums up the foolish transaction thus:

"The Shalfleet poor and silly people,
Sold their bells to build a steeple."

Progress Among the Fair of New Jersey.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Will you yield to a lady from New Jersey a little space on your editorial page to ask a little question, the answer of which ought to interest your daily readers, since if you read it in THE SUN it's true?

What's the matter with the New York press anyway? Are they all becoming "fossilized of mind"? I'm growing sick and tired of hearing this story and reading that about Mr. Roosevelt, and that's just about as far as any of his critics have the courage to go. If they have a foot to stand upon why don't they emulate him? Let them accept his challenge and come out in the open and take the other side if they dare.

The whole thing in a nutshell is this: he is justly and squarely "hitting the nail on the head," and the result is soreheads, of course.

To my way of thinking, Mr. Roosevelt is forcing the cap to fit pretty tightly where it belongs, or why all this hullabaloo?

A FAIR PROGRESSIVE.

EAST ORANGE, September 24.

A Missouri "Dry."

From the South Missourian Democrat.

On account of too much booze we are short on help this week. This paper can be run without that element and will be. We gave Mr. Thomas Brewer a job in this office six weeks ago with the expressed understanding that he had quit liquor. Mr. Brewer is a good practical printer, and we very much dislike to send away from home for help when there are those at our door that need the money; but be it understood we are against the use of liquor, and unless he can stay sober we will get some one to take the place.

The October issue of *Country Life in America* is a housebuilding number. It contains articles on Colonial doorways, on American gardens, on the conversion of an old farmhouse, and detailed accounts of four mansions. Besides special pages containing suggestions for those intending to build, there are the usual "departments" devoted to all forms of outdoor life, and the usual beautiful illustrations.